

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow :  
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.

*Mont.* And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltshires blood,  
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.

*Rich.* Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

*Yorke.* What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerset?

*Norf.* Such hope haue all the line of *John of Gaunt.*

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shape King *Henries* head.

*War.* And so do I victorious Prince of *Yorke,*  
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,

Which now the house of *Lancaster* vsurpes,

I vow by heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.

This is the Palace of that fearefull King,

And that the regall chaire : Possesse it *Yorke,*

For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.

*Yorke.* Assist me then sweet *Warwicke,* and I will :

For hither are we broken in by force.

*Norf.* Weell all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

*Yorke.* Thankes gentle *Norfolke.* Stay by me my Lords,  
And soldiers stay you heere, and lodge this night.

*War.* And when the King comes offer him no violence,

Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force,

*Rich.* Arm'd as we be let's stay within this house.

*War.* The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,

Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of *Yorke* be King,

And bashfull *Henry* be deposde, whose cowardise

Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

*Yorke.* Then leaue me not my Lords : for now I meane

To take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the King, nor him that loues him best,

The proudest bird that holds vp *Lancaster,*

Dare stirre a wing, if *Warwicke* shake his bells.

Ile plant *Plantagenet* : and roote him out who dares ?

Resolue thee *Richard,* claime the English Crowne.

Enter king *Henry* the sixt, with the D. of *Excester,* the Earle of *Nor-*

*thumberland,* the Earle of *Westmerland,* and *Clifford* the Earle of

*Cumberland,* with red *Roses* in their hats.

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*King.* Looke Lordings where the sturdy Rebell sits,  
Euen in the chaire of State : belike he meanes

(Back'd by the power of *Warwicke* that false Peere)

To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.

Earle of *Northumberland,* he slew thy father,

And thine *Clifford* : and you both haue vow'd reuenge,

On him, his sonnes, his fauourites, and his friends.

*North.* And if I be not, heauens be reueng'd on me.

*Clif.* The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in Steele.

*West.* What? shall we suffer this? Let's pull him downe.

My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

*King.* Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland.*

*Clif.* Patience is for *Pultrounes*, such as he ;

He durst not sit there had your Father liu'd.

My gracious Lord, heere in the Parliament,

Let vs assaile the family of *Yorke.*

*North.* Well hast thou spoken *Cosen,* be it so.

*King.* O know you not the *Citty* fauours them,

And they haue troopes of souldiers at their becke.

*Exet.* But when the Duke is slaine, theyl quickly flye.

*King.* Far be it from the thoughts of *Henries* heart,

To make a shambles of the Parliament house ;

*Cosen* of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,

Shal be the warres that *Henry* meanes to vse.

Thou factious Duke of *Yorke,* descend my Throne,

I am thy soueraigne.

*Yorke.* Thou art deceiu'd, I am thine.

*Exet.* For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of *Yorke.*

*Yorke.* I was my inheritance, as the kingdome is.

*Exet.* Thy father was a Traitor to the Crowne.

*War.* *Exeter* thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,

In following this vsurping *Henry.*

*Clif.* Whom should he follow but his naturall King.

*War.* True *Clifford,* and thats *Richard* Duke of *Yorke.*

*King.* And shall I stand while thou sittest in my Throne?

*Yorke.* Content thy selfe, it must and shall be so.

*War.* Be Duke of *Lancaster,* let him be King.